

the subject of the  
7, and as men's  
that subject are fully  
giving such informa-  
tions will permit.  
The soil is very  
light, and the crops  
are easily raised.  
The potato, is well  
sherry, (ye first  
preferred.) I think  
the Cranberry, and  
their vicinity,  
the Cranberry, and  
of commencing  
the better soils may  
I have ascertained,  
the Cranberry, vis-  
the fact is that I have  
not the best of the  
except the Bell Cran-  
berry grows much  
in the state, and  
to grow in the  
of Cranberry, and  
this species is  
in its wild state,  
the article  
which have been  
soil, they will culti-  
and with much  
the plants, and their  
Persons commen-  
will be able to obtain  
sufficient to transplant  
same as for sowing  
and making your  
in drifts, 18 to 20  
inches apart, and  
at first, till the  
afterwards no other  
plants may be ex-  
cept the Bell Cran-  
berry grown by  
on 150 to 200 bushels  
Three acres as large  
as the above, will yield  
the same amount of it.  
The fact is general-  
it is gathered with  
the purpose—man  
will be able to pick  
up the scatter-  
the same as for sowing  
and making your  
in drifts, 18 to 20  
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NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.



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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX.

### Original Poetry.

#### WISCONSIN.

##### A SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY A YOUNG LADY OF STATE, NOW  
IN PHILADELPHIA.

There's nothing like Wisconsin,  
for a girl to live in;  
Her woods and water-springs,  
Her prairies wide and green;  
The blossoms of her trees are lovely,  
And those of her flowers, too;

There's nothing like Wisconsin,  
There's nothing like Wisconsin;





## Selected Poetry.

### A PLEA FOR OUR PHYSICAL LIFE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

We're all nature wrong,  
Nudging ever long.  
The body gods that make us wise,  
Are the high instructors—  
The love to walk, the vigorous exercise,  
The fresh fortifying taste,  
Or mid the ocean wavy gushings with briny spray,  
Ling'ring not to spit the sand which we've made.

Kind Heaven! there is no end  
Of pleasure or we want,  
Our purest joys are here,  
And the Eternal Counsel  
And his play and our good cheer!

Sets half those joys aside,  
And our purest joys absorb the soul so much,  
That love loses all, and death becomes the deathless.

Welcome, ye young genials, friends,  
Ye streams and singing birds,  
Welcome, ye gentle flowers, buds,  
And children, who are here!

What things were growing, old,  
Came with me to the fields, there was of days!  
And give thy limb a chance among the daffodils.

Come with me to the woods,  
And let these waters go,  
Rushing to the sea, to me,  
Let childhood come again,

The soft, the smiling, the green—  
The life that loves the living—

The tree that loves the sun—  
And here, where all the world is green!

There have been days,  
And though the wrinkles draw the pulse of pain,  
There have, if there are more, here like a child art thou.

### A Capital Story.

#### THE DANGEROUS BEAUTIES. (CONCLUDED.)

I was not in condition to swallow a crumb. The horrible sight of the bleeding arm had driven a way my appetite for a good meal.

After a few moments, Emily returned and took her seat at the table.

"Set to, my friend," said her father to me, "and eat, as you have been waiting with my son without getting it to my mouth."

As I did not wish to appear that the surprised look had frightened away appetite, I drew out my handkerchief and held it before my nose.

"Is anything the matter?" asked the Counselor, anxiously, and Dickens looked impishly at me.

"A bad tooth begins to torture," said I. "The tooth you suffer from a bad tooth?" asked Emily, hastily.

"It is better, but I am glad now, H. G., it gives me most terrible fits."

"It must come out!" said the female surgeon, with decision, and sprang up and hastened to her patient's case.

I was seized. Two-and-thirty teeth were joined in the most perfect somehow.

"I beg, my lady," and I hastily, "do not trouble yourself; the pain is rapidly beginning to the bone."

The grader noise came out," said Emily, with passionate earnestness: "the bad tooth is like fire—it burns—it never rests, although it may sit for a moment."

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